Now afore God, this reuerend holy *Frier*,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurſe, will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, goe with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Goe thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deck vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Girle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet *and* Nurſe.

Iu. I thoſe attyres are beſt, but gentle *Nurſe*
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many Oriſons,
To moue the Heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and full of ſinne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you let me now be left alone,
And let the *Nurſe* this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhee doe here?
My diſmall Sceane I needs muſt act alone.
Come Viall, what if this mixture doe not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the *Frier*?
Subtilly hath miniſtred, to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncеſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tibalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrowd, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them runne mad.
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,)
And madly play with my forefathers ioynes?